



## Raking the Deck of the Reach-Me-Down World

Raking the deck of the reach-me-down world,  
The wind rolled out of the forest boisterous,  
A russet ocean it was  
& me the merry mariner,  
One autumnal Columbus, neither ancient nor kind,  
Thinking on my own first love,  
Undressing her, &  
She covering her body with her hands  
For fear I'd see the woman that she was.  
Forbidden knowledge was everywhere,  
But the ruthless ocean sd:  
You shall not be so innocent again  
& me the merry mariner  
Sinking, the world sinking,  
Sinking,  
With each tall thought a mast.

LOUIS PHILLIPS